

ponderous gates and sealed treasures to the world's astonished gaze. And lo! a voice from Italy! It comes like the stirring of the breeze upon the mountains; it floats in majesty like the echo of the thunder; it breathes solemnity like a sound from the tombs. Let the nations hearken! For the slumber of ages is broken, and the buried voice of antiquity speaks again from the gray ruins of Pompeii.

5. Roll back the tide of eighteen hundred years! At the foot of the vine-clad Vesuvius stands a royal city; the stately Roman walks its lordly streets, or banquets in the palaces of its splendor. The bustle of busied thousands is there; you may hear it along the thronged quays; it rises from the amphitheatre and the forum. It is the home of luxury, of gayety, and of joy. It is a careless, a dreaming, a devoted city. There is a blackness in the horizon, and the earthquake is rioting in the bowels of the mountain.

6. Hark! a roar, a crash; and the very foundations of the eternal hills are belched forth in a sea of fire. Woe to that fated city! The torrent comes surging like the mad ocean. It boils above wall and tower, palace and fountain, and Pompeii is a city of tombs. Ages roll on; silence, darkness, and desolation are in the halls of buried grandeur. The forum is voiceless, and the pompous mansions are tenanted by skeletons. Other generations live above the dust of long lost glory, and the slumber of the dreamless city is forgotten.

7. Pompeii beholds a resurrection! She hath shaken from her beauty the ashes of centuries, and once more looks forth upon the world, sullied and sombre, but interesting still. Again upon her arches, her courts and her colonnades, the sun lingers in splendor, but not as erst, when the reflected lustre of her marbles dazzled like the glory of his own true beam.

8. There, in their gloomy boldness, stand her palaces, but the song of carousal is hushed for ever. You may behold the places of her fountains, but you will hear no mur-